

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "You Never Know"

(feat. Jean Grae)

*[Immortal Technique:]*

She was on her way to becoming a college graduate  
Wouldn't even stop to talk to the average kid  
The type of Latina I'd sit and contemplate marriage with  
Fuck the horse and carriage shit, her love was never for hire  
Disciplined, intellectual beauty is what I desire  
Flyer than Salma Hayek or Jennifer Lopez  
Everyone told me, kickin' it to her was hopeless  
At first I just thought she didn't mess with broke kids  
The thug niggas always talking about how they smoke kids  
But the rich-sniff-coke kids got no play  
"I'm not even interested" is what her body language would say  
Everyone around the way gave up trying to get in it  
It didn't matter how good your game was, she wasn't with it  
On the block, bitches was jealous but wouldn't admit it  
Talk shit, and deny to everyone that they did it, 'cause they regretted the long list of niggas that they let hit it  
And no one ever gave them shit except McDonald's and did-dick  
Smoking weed, with thoughts of envy whenever they lit it  
She spoke intelligently and they bit it, always trying to copy  
But when they tried to use her vocab they sounded sloppy  
She had a style, all her own, respectful and pure  
I was sick in the head for her, and there wasn't a cure

*[Jean Grae:]*

Don't you know that time waits for no man?  
My fate, it's all planned  
I'm blessed just to know you  
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night  
Can't find a reason why  
God came between you and I  
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go  
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

*[Immortal Technique:]*

Her eyes are brown and beautiful, yet empty and sad  
I used to talk to her occasionally, and she was glad  
That I wasn't just another nigga trying to get in it  
So every now and then we'd stop and talk for a minute  
I didn't have a gimmick, so the minutes turned to hours  
On her birthday I gave her a poem with flowers  
Then I took her out to dinner after her cousin's baby shower  
We talked about power to the people and such  
We spent more time together, but it was never enough  
I never tried to sneak a touch or even cop a feel  
I was too interested in keeping it real  
Perfectly honest and complete

She would always call me "cariño" and never Technique  
Bought me a new book to read every two or three weeks  
Forever changing the expression of my thoughts when I speak  
It was because of her I even deaded all of my freaks  
She convinced me to stop hanging out on the streets  
To stop robbin' and stealing from people like you  
Instead I took her out to the Apollo and the Bronx Zoo  
Museo del Barrio, and the Metropolitan too  
Got to the point when I was either with her or my crew  
So I decided one day to tell her my feelings was true  
I couldn't live without her, so I told her, facing my fears  
But honey's only response was a face full of tears  
She could only sob hysterically, holding me tight  
I tried to speak, but she wouldn't stop until I left sight  
I felt like a moth who got himself too close to the light  
Except I didn't burn, I turned cold after that night

*[Jean Grae:]*

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*[Immortal Technique:]*

I went on with my life, college and my career

Ended up locked up like an animal for a year

Where the C.O.'s talk to you like they were the overseer

Then I got sent to the hole when my exit was near

At night in my cell, I'd close my eyes and I'd see her

Hold her close in my dreams, but when I woke she disappeared

Just an empty cell until the state gave me parole

In the summer, came back, intact and on track

But the fact of the matter is I still felt cold

Even after my mother hugged me, crying at home

My real niggas would catch me thinking, outta my zone

Fucking lots of different women, but I still felt alone

Relatively well-known around the New York underground

But I kept thinking of her and how we used to be down

The sound of her voice, and the beautiful smell of her hair

Though gone physically, somehow it was still there

I had to do something because the shit was too much to bear

So I went and visited the building where she used to live

The world looks a lot different after you do a bid

The way your life done changed

While primitive minds are still stuck in the same game

Like her cousin who was on the corner, slanging cocaine

Stepped in the lobby, and tapped the button next to her last name

Her mom buzzed me up and hugged me up like a mother oughta

But her facial expression changed

When I asked about her daughter

*[Jean Grae:]*

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*[Immortal Technique:]*

She told me that there was a note, for me, that was left behind

And she had left it there waiting for such a long time

I was inclined to ask about it, but she brought it up first

I saw a tear swelling up in her eye, and then she cursed

She told me where the letter was, and I started thinking the worst

Reversed my position, stepped over and opened the door

And sure enough there was an envelope

With my name on the floor: "Nobody loves you more than me, cariño," is what the letter said

"By the time you get to read this, I'll probably be dead

But when you left in '97, a part of me went to Heaven

I thank God at least I got to know what love really was

But it hurt me to see what true love really does

'Cause even though we never made love

You were all that there was

It was because I loved you so much that I had to make you leave

You made me doubt the way I thought

You made me want to believe

And then I slipped up, and I let you get close to me

It was hard to not be openly when people spoke to me

This was not the way I thought my life was supposed to be

Baby, don't you see?

I had a blood transfusion that left me with HIV

Hope didn't exist for me since late in 1993

I died a virgin, I wish I could've given myself to you

I cried in the hospital because there was no one else but you

Promise that you'll meet me in Paradise inevitably

No matter what, I'll keep your love forever with me"

What happened for the rest of the day is still a blur

But I remember wishing that I was dead, instead of her

She was buried on August 3rd

The story ends without a sequel; and now you know why Technique don't fucking fall in love with people

Hold the person that you love closely if they're next to you

The one you love, not the person that'll simply have sex with you

Appreciate them to the fullest extent and then beyond

'Cause you never really know what you got until it's gone

